

CHAPTER IX .- Continued.

"Men of Wall street, it is impossible to prevent the repetition of those acts by which in five years I have accumulated a billion dollars, impossible so long as a short sale or a repurchase and resale, is allowed. When short sales, and repurchases and resales, are made impossible, stock speculation will be dead. When stock speculation is dead, the people can no longer be robbed by the 'System.' In leaving you, the exchange, and stock-gambling forever, as I shall when I leave this platform, I will say from the depth of a heart that has been broken, from the profoundity of a soul that has been withered by the 'System's' poison, with a full sense of my responsibility to my fellow-man and to my God, that I advise every one of you to do what I have done and to do it quickly, before the doing of it by others shall have made it impossible, before the doing of it by others shall have blown up the whole stock-gambling structure. In accepting my advice you can quiet your conscience, those of you who have any, with this argument: 'If I start, I am sure of success. If I succeed, no one will be the wiser. The millions I secure I will take from men who took them from others, and who would take mine. The more I and others take, the sooner will come the day when the stock-gambling structure will fall.'

"The day on which the stock-gambling structure falls is the day for which all honest men and women should pray."

Bob Brownley paused and let his eyes sweep his dumfounded audience. There was not a murmur. The crowd was speechless.

Again his eyes swept the room. Then he slowly raised his right hand with fist clenched, as though about to deal a blow

"Men of Wall street"-his voice was now deep and solemn-"to show that Robert Brownley knew what was fitting for the last day of his career, he has revealed to you the trick-and

'Many of you are desperate. Many of you by to-morrow will be ruined. The time of all times for such to put my trick in practice is now. The victim of victims is ready for the experiment. I am he. I have a billion dollars. With this billion dollars I am able to buy 10,000,000 shares of the ks and to pay for them even though after I have bought they fall a hundred dollars a share. Here is your chance to prevent your ruin, your chance to retrieve your fortune, your chance to secure revenge upon me, the one who has robbed you."

He paused only long enough for his astounding advice to connect with his listeners' now keenly sensitive nerve centers; then deep and clear rang out,

> to be a sacrifice, but which represents purchaser is not forthcoming she

bestan run at slaughter time.

CHAPTER X.

at the foot of the president's desk. His form was swaying like a reed on

the edge of the cyclone's path. I

jumped to his side. His brother, who

had during Bob's harangue been vain-

ly endeavoring to beat his way through the crowd, was there first.

'For God's sake, Bob, hear me. Word

came from your house half an hour

ago of the miracle: Beulah has awak-ened to her past. Her mind is clear;

the nurses are frantic for you to come

He got no further. With a mad bel

low and a bound, like a tortured bull

that sees the arena walls go down, Bob

rushed out through the nearest door,

which, I thanked God, was a side one

leading to the street where the crowd was thinnest. He cast a wild look

around. His eyes lighted on an empty

automobile whose chauffeur had de

serted to the crowd. It was the work

or a second to crank it; of another to

jump into the front seat. Quick as

had been his movement, I was behind

him in the rear seat. With a bound

the great machine leaped through the

"In the name of Christ, Bob, be care-

ful," I yelled, as he hurled the iron

monster through the throng, scatter-

ing it to the right and left as the

mower scatters the sheaves in the

wheat fields. Some were crushed be-

neath its wheels. Bob Brownley heard

not their screams, heard not the curses of those who escaped. He was

on his feet, his body crouched low

over the steering wheel, which he

grasped in his vice-like hands. His

hatless head was thrust far out, as

though it strove to get to Beulah

Sands ahead of his body. His teeth

were set, and as I had jumped into

were those of a maniac, who saw

sanity just ahead if he could but get

to it in time. His ears were deaf not

only to the howl of the terrified throng

and the curses of the teamsters who

frantically pulled their horses to the

curb, but to my warnings as well. He

swung the machine around the corner

at New street and into Wall as though

it had been the broadest boulevard in

ne I had

to her."

crowd.

he mach

"I am constantly buying rugs and furnishings which experience has taught me will fit into the average flat," she says, "and I have most of the necessary things collected when I rent an apartment.

"This enables me to choose wallpapers that will go nicely with the rugs and curtains intended for each rooma point which I never fall to insist upon, for some of my best patrons are teachers and art students, who think a great deal about harmony in color schemes.

"Sometimes I may buy a really good chair or table which needs only polishing or a fresh cover to make it look as good as new, for I have grown expert at doing little jobs of that kind myself and they cost me almost nothing. But I never allow a single shabby or worn looking object to be seen The woman disposes of the furnishing of the flat at a price that appears body in New York fights shy of that."

"Barry Conant." The wiry form of Bob's old antagonist leaped to the ros: through the tence, into Tribity's churchyard. But no. Again he turned the cornet throwing the Juggernaut on its outside wheels from Wall street into Broadway as the crowds on the sidewalk held their breath in horror. I, too, was on my feet, but crouching as I hung to the sides. Thank God, that usually crowded thoroughfare wasfree from vehicles as far up as I could see, on beyond the Astor house. What "I authorize you to buy any part of 10,000,000 shares of the leading stocks at any price up to 50 points above the present market. There is my check-book signed in blank, and I authorize you to use it up to a billion dollars, and I agree to have in bank to-morrow sufficient funds to meet any checks you draw. You have failed to-day for see, on beyond the Astor house. What could it mean? Was that divinity even millions, and, therefore, cannot trade, but I herewith announce that I which 'tis said protects the drunkard and the idiot about to aid the, mad will pay all the indebtedness of Barry Conant and his house. Therefore he is now in good standing." Bob had kept his eye on the great clock; as the rush of this love-frenzied creature to his long-lost but newly returned dear one? I heard the frantic clang of gongs, and as we shot by the World building, I saw ahead of us two plung-ing automobiles filled with men. 'Twas With a mighty rush the gamblers leaped for the different poles. Barry Conant with lightning rapidity gave his orders to 20 of his assistants, who, from them the gong clamor sounded. As we drew nearer I saw that these were the cars of the fire chiefs answerwhen Bob Brownley called for Conant, ing a call. I thanked God again and had gathered around their chief. In again as I yelled into Bob's ear, "For less than a minute the dollar-battle of the age was on, a battle such as no Beulah's sake, Bob, don't pass; if you do, we'll run into a blockade. If we man had ever seen before. It required keep in the rear they'll clear our way. no supernatural wisdom for any man and we may get to her alive." I do on the floor to see that Bob Brownley's not know whether he heard, but he seed had fallen in superheated soil, held the machine in the rear of the that his until now secret hellite was other cars and did not try to pass. about to be tested. It needed no ex-Away we went on our mad rush pert in the mystic art of deciphering through crowded Broadway. At Union the wall hieroglyphics of Old Hag Fate Square we lost our way-clearers. As to see that the hands on the clock of our automobile jumped across Fourthe "System" were approaching 12. It teenth street into Fourth avenue, Bob needed no ear trained to hear human must have opened her up to the last heart and soul beats to detect the approaching sound of onrushing doom to the stock-gambling structure. The notch, for she seemed to leap through the air. We sent two wagons crashing across the sidewalks into the builddeafening roar of the brokers that had ings. Cries of rage arose above the broken the stillness following Robert din of the machine, and seemed to fol-Brownley's fateful speech had awak-ened echoes that threatened to shake low in our wake. Bob was dead to all we passed. His entire being seemed set on what was ahead. I knew he down the exchange walls. The surging mob on the outside was roaring was an expert in the handling of the like a million hungry lions in an Arautomobile, for since his misfortune, automobiling with Beulah Sands had been his favorite pastime, but who could expect to carry that plunging. The instant after the gong sounded swaying car to Forty-second street! Bob Brownley was alone on the floor

Bob seemed to be performing the won-

drous task. We shot from curb to

curb and around and in front of vehi-

Beulah Sands Was Dead.

and foot passengers as though the driver's eyes and hands were inspired.

Across the square at last and on up Fourth avenue to Twenty-sixth street. Then a dizzying whirl into Madison. Was he going to keep to it until he got to Forty-second street and try to make Fifth avenue along that congested block with its crush of Grand Central passengers and lines upon lines of hacks and teams? No. His head must be clear. Again he threw the great machine around the corner and into Fortieth street. For a part of the block our wheels rode the sidewalk and I awaited the crash. It did not come. Surely the new world Bob was speeding to must be a kind one, else why should Hag Fate, who had been at the steering wneel of his life-car during the last five years, carry him safely through what tooked a dozen sure deaths? Without slacking speed a jot we swung around the corner of Fortieth into Fifth avenue. The road was clear to Forty-second; there a dense jam of cars, teams and carriages

blocked the crossing. How must have seen the solid wall for I heard his it will muttered curse. Nothing else to indicate that we were blocked with his goal in sight. He never touched the speed controller, but took the two blocks as though shot from a catapult The two? No, one, and three-quarters of the next, for when within a score of yards of the black wall he jammed down the brakes, and the iron mass ground and shook as though it would rend itself to atoms, but it stopped with its dasher and front wheels wedged in between a car and a dray. It had not stopped when Bob was off and up the avenue like a hound on the end-in-sight trail. I was after him while the astonished bystanders stared in wonder. As we neared Bob's house I could see people on the stoop. I heard Bob's secretary shout, "Thank God, Mr. Brownley, you have come.
She is in the office. I found her there,
quiet and recovered. She did not ask
a question. She said, 'Tell Mr. Brownley when he comes that I should like to see him.' Then she ordered me to get the afternoon paper. I handed it to her an hour ago. I think she believes herself in her old office. I shut off the floor as you instructed. I did not dare go to her for fear she would ask questions. I have"-but Bob was

up the stairs two and three steps at a My breath was almost gone and it took me minutes to get to the secondfloor. My feet touched the top stair, when, O God! that sound! For five long years I had been trying to get it out of my ears, but now more guttural, more agonized than before, it broke upon my tortured senses. I did not need to seek its direction. With a bound I was at the threshold of Beulah Sands-Brownley's office. In that brief time the groans had stilled. For one instant I closed my eyes, for the very atmosphere of that hall mouned and groaned death. I opened them. Yes, knew it. There at the desk was the beautiful gray-clad figure of five years ago. There the two arms resting on the desk. There the two beautiful hands holding the open paper, but the eyes, those marvellous gray-blue doors to an immortal soul—they were closed forever. The exquisitely beautiful face was cold and white and peaceful. Beulah Sands was dead. The hellhounds of the "System" had overtaken its maimed and hunted victim; it had added her beautiful heart to the bags and barrels and hogsheads stored away in its big "business-is-business" safedeposit vaults. My eyes in sick pity sought the form of my old schoolmate, my college chum, my partner, my friend, the man I loved. He was on his knees. His agonized face was turned to his wife. His clasped hands had been raised in an awful, heartcrushing prayer as his Maker touched the bell. Bob Brownley's great brown eyes were closed, his clasped hands had dropped against his wife's head, and in dropping had unloosed the glorious golden-brown waves until in fond abandon they had colled around his arms and brow as though she for whom he had sacrificed all was shielding his beloved head from the chills and dark mists of the black river that laps the brink of the eternal rest. The 'System" had skewered Robert Brownley's heart, too. I staggered to his side. As I touched his now fast-icing brow my eyes fell upon the great black headlines spread across the top of the paper that Beulah Sands had been

reading when the all-kind God had cut her bonds: FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH.

And beneath in one column: TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN VIRGINIA The Richest Man in the State, Thomas Reinhart, Multi-millionaire, while Temporarily Insane from the Loss His Enormous Fortune, Which Was Shattered in To-day's Awful Panic, Cut His Throat. His death was Instantaneous.

In another column:

Robert Brownley Creates the Most Awful Panic in History and Spreads Wreck and Ruin Throughout the Civilized World.

THE END.

The increase in its area in Kansas affords some although no adequate ideal of the growing appreciation in which the plant is held. It is 16 years since the crop was first thought of enough importance to chronicle its statistics, when the enumerators of the board of agriculture returned the area for the state as 34,834 acres. This year (1907) the area in alfalfa is 742,140 acres, or an increase of 20.7

per cent. over the area of 1906. As a hay there is none so good for all kinds of live stock as alfalfs, and for horses and hogs it is a most invaluable food either as a hay, a soiling crop, or as pasture. As a meat-maker, milk-maker and money-maker it is equally prized, and as a renovator and improver of soils it has no competitor. -F. D. Coburn, Secretary Kansas Board of Agriculture.

Mrs. Stubbs (angrily)-The idea. John, of that man wanting \$5 to trim our hedge. Why, I think he is a regu-

Mr. Stubb-Not a regular hog, Martha, I think he must be a hedgehos Chicago News.

ADVICE TO VICTIMS

TELLS READERS HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM AT HOME.

Directions to Mix a Simple Preparation and the Dose to Takecomes Kidney and Bladder Trouble Promptly.

There is so much Rheumatism everywhere that the following advice by an eminent authority, who writes for read-ers of a large Eastern daily paper, will be highly appreciated by those who suffer

Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandellon, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces of Compound Syrup Sarsapa-rilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.

It is claimed that there are few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fall to find ready reliet in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the

This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only Rheumatiam, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffers from any urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good, and may save you from much misery and suffering after while.

Everything Bad.

A prominent planter recently had occasion to visit some of his holdings in southern Arkansas. The land was situated several miles from a railroad, and it was necessary to finish the journey in a buggy. So he took a friend with him and started out.

After traversing several miles of sparsely settled country, they came upon a farmer plowing corn on the side of a hill. The planter, wishing to appear civil to his neighbors, stopped his horse and yelled at the man, who came to the fence, mopping his face with a red bandana.

"Good morning. "Mornin', mister!"

"You live here, I suppose?" "Yep."

"How's crops?"
"Fair to middlin'."

"That's a bad hill you're plowing." "I know it. Bad hoss, pullin' th'

plow, bad plow, bad everything."
"Why, you talk like you were the
poorest man in Arkansas," laughed the

"I ain't, though," was the response, as the young fellow smiled good-naturedly. "Another feller owns half o' this crop."

Her Recipe.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of her friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light! Do tell me where you got the recipe."
"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."-Illustrated Bits.

TAKE THEM OUT Or Feed - Them Food They Can

When a student begins to break down from lack of the right kind of food, there are only two things to do; either take him out of school or feed him properly on food that will rebuild the brain and nerve cells. That food is Grape-Nuts.

A boy writes from Jamestown, N. Y., saying: "A short time ago I got into saying: a bad condition from overstudy, but Mother having heard about Grape-Nuts food began to feed me on it. It satisfied my hunger better than any other food, and the results were marvelous. I got fleshy like a good fellow. My usual morning headaches disappeared, and I found I could study for a long period without feeling the effects of it.

"My face was pale and thin, but is now round and has considerable color. After I had been using Grape-Nuts forabout two months I felt like a new boy altogether. I have gained greatly in strength as well as flesh, and it is a pleasure to study now that I am not bothered with my head. I passed all of my examinations with a reasonably good percentage, extra good in some of them, and it is Grape-Nuts that has saved me from a year's delay in entering college.

Father and mother have both been improved by the use of Grape Nuts. Mother was troubled with alcepless nights and got very thin, and looked care worn. She has gained her normal strength and looks, and sleeps well nights." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville" in

A WOMAN OF THE AUCTIONS.

She Makes a Living by Furnishing Flats and Selling Out.

There is a handsome, smartlygowned woman who may be seen almost any day in the auction rooms of this city. She has secured a comfortable income for herself by a novel vocation. She sells out furnished

Usually she selects an apartment for which unfurnished she pays from \$25 to \$45, and this she furnishes completely with things picked up cheap at auctions. She supplies kitchen utensils, tableware and linen and sufficient ornaments and hangings to give the apartment the appearance of having been lived in.

When the flat is cosy looking she inserts an advertisement in some paper stating that "A lady, called suddenly abroad, will sell the entire contents of her newly furnished apartment at a great sacrifice to people willing to

a profit for her. When a satisfactory sometimes sublets a flat, receiving \$40 a month for one which she rents for

KANSAS LEADS IN ALFALFA. Western State Grows 750,000 Acres of

Live Stock Rations. Kansas is unique in many things, but in none more than in the commanding position she occupies in re lation to alfalfa growing. Her development in this industry has been one of the marvels of her prolific agriculture, and with alfalfa, as with winter wheat, no other state is her equal in its area and production. The alfalfa field of Kansas now approximates nearly three-quarters of a million acres, and but three cultivated crops exceed it in annual area, viz: wheat corn and oats. In combination with these alfalfa furnishes Kansans in abundance with perhaps the best and cheapest rations anywhere available for the maintenance of their live stock, for the excellence of which they are famed. Kansans were among the fore most correctly to estimate its worth, and its widespread introduction in the Sunflower state has been one of the most important factors in increasing bank deposits and the per capita